

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 5
JUN - JULY



10¢

MAD

YOU SAY YOU
LOST YOUR VOICE
AND YOU WANT ME TO
FIND IT?... **AT LAST
AN EXCITING
CASE!**



KANE KEEN
PRIVATE
EYE

BILL ELDER

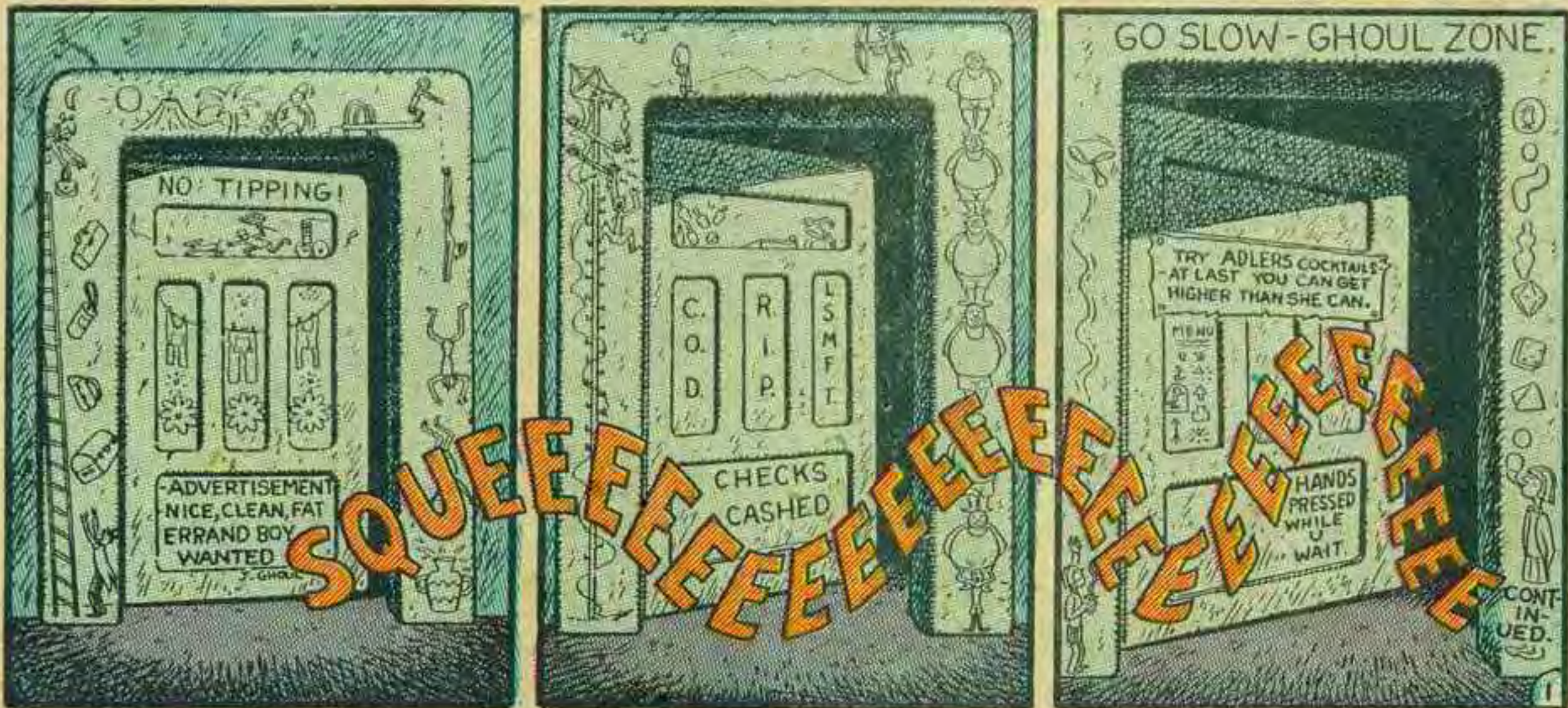
THE
EC
"PUBLISHER
OF THE
ISSUE"
WILLIAM M.
GAINES
ALIAS MELVIN



William M. (for "Mad") Gaines, twisted publisher of the perverted E.C. line, was born on Feb. 30, 1922, in an abandoned cattle-car on a siding outside the Chicago stock-yards. His father was an International Communist Banker of Persian, Iranian, Egyptian and Danish stock, and his mother came from the Bronx. His early childhood was relatively uneventful, having been spent in picking pockets, stealing government checks from mail-boxes, running errands for bookies, counterfeiting lead nickels, and playing with Teddy-bears. Bill's formal education consisted of four years in first grade, followed by nine years in reform school. Upon breaking out, he took the alias of "Melvin" Gaines and began selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!) on dark street corners outside burlesque houses. When he had read them all, he turned to peddling dope near nursery schools . . . took the cure . . . opened an establishment in a district of scarlet illumination . . . took the cure . . . and finally, seeking the ultimate in depravity and debasement, quite naturally turned to the comic magazine industry. Here he found a home! Utilizing his vast background of worldly and literary experiences, coupled with the tidy fortune he had accumulated from same, Bill introduced to the American public the notorious E.C. line . . . E.C. standing for Evil Comics. His editorial policy is a reflection of his highly developed sense of immoral obligation. As he was heard to remark at his last bi-annual editorial conference: "I don' care if it don't gotta plot! I don' care if it don't got grammar! I don' care if the pitchers ain't from talent! All I care is get into every story sadism, snakes, masochism, pyromania, snakes, fetishes, snakes, necrophilia, phallic symbols, snakes, and all the rest of that esoterica what I can't think of this minute." Today, Bill lives in a sixty-nine room mansion in wholesome Westchester County, N. Y. He owns a grey Cadillac for grey days, a blue Cadillac for blue days, a green Cadillac for bilious days, and a pogo-stick for hopped-up days. Bill's hobbies include selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!), peddling dope, running his scarlet-illuminated establishment, and collecting snakes. At this writing, he is single . . . having been married and divorced 69 times. Don't send fan-mail . . . he can't read!

Mad, June-July, 1953—Vol. 1, No. 5. Published Bi-Monthly by Educational Comics, Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Managing Editor, Harvey Kurtzman, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c for packing and mailing—total 75c. Elsewhere \$1.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1953 by Educational Comics, Inc. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped return envelope. No similarity between any of the characters, names or persons appearing in this magazine with any of those living or dead is intended, and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in U. S. A.

OUTER SANCTUM!





...JUST BEYOND THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS IN THE DEPTHS OF MYSTERIOUS, UNEXPLORED, UNPENETRABLE, STEAMING, SWEATY, DISGUSTING OKEEFENOKEE SWAMP!



OKEEFENOKEE SWAMP, WHERE THE WORLD STOOD STILL! NOT A SIGN OF LIFE... LOOK, PIC OR QUICK! ONLY A TUMBLE DOWN SHACK PROPPED UP WITH A SINGLE BROOMSTICK!



INSIDE THE SHACK, ALSO PROPPED UP BY A BROOMSTICK, WORKED THE 'PROFESSOR'!

YES...A MAN WITH A BRILLIANT MIND WORKED, ALONE IN THE SWAMP!

...WORKED FRANTICALLY AMIDST HIS BUBBLING RETORTS AND TEST TUBES!

WORKED AGAINST TIME...NOW THE WHOLE WORK WAS DONE! THE MIXTURE WAS READY!



DOWNING THE DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL AT ONE GULP, THE 'PROFESSOR' TURNED TO THE HUGE VAT THAT HELD THE CONTENTS OF A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH, BOILING AND BUBBLING...

...A RECIPE HE'D BEEN GIVEN BY THE OLD CAJUN WITCH WOMAN! CROCODILES' WARTS, CHOPPED UP ZOMBIE HEARTS, SHRIMPS CREOLE... A MIXTURE OF THIS SWAMP!



AND THIS WAS WHY THE 'PROFESSOR' HAD HIDDEN HIMSELF FROM THE SCOFFING WORLD! "SKOFF SKOFF!" THEY HAD SKOFFED! 'NO MAN CAN CREATE LIFE!'



SUDDENLY THE SCENT OF MANY MASHED POLECATS DRIFTED FROM THE MIXTURE!... IN A FLASH, A LIFETIME OF RE-SEARCH WAS SPILLING OUT THE WINDOW!



...SPILLED OUT THE WINDOW WHERE IT LAY... COMBINING WITH THE SWAMP WATERS IN A FESTERING MISH-MOSH!

NIGHT FELL!... NIGHT ON THE OKEEFENO-KEE SWAMP! SOUNDS OF THINGS... MOVING THROUGH THE BACKWATERS!

...HIDDEN THINGS WITH STRANGE CRIES SHATTERING THE SLEEPING CALM OF OLD OKEEFENOKEE!



...AND... BENEATH THE PROFESSOR'S WINDOW... THE MIXTURE CONTINUED TO PULSATE AND QUIVER WHERE IT HAD LAIN... PULSATED... QUIVERED... AND GREW!

GREW! STOOD UP! ERECT! A HORRIBLE STANDING GLOB OF SWAMP THING! THERE WAS NOTHING TO CALL IT BUT... HEAP!



WHEN THE 'PROFESSOR' WOKE UP HE FOUND IT!... 'HEAP',
STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND FROM SOMEWHERE
INSIDE THIS 'HEAP' CAME A CROAK... THAT SOUNDED LIKE... 'PAPA'!



...FOR THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS TRULY THIS 'HEAP'S' FATHER! AND
AS 'HEAP' EMBRACED HIM IN ITS SLIMEY BANANA PEEL AND TIN
CAN ENCRUSTED ARMS, THE EVIL PROFESSOR GOT A HORRID IDEA!



THE NEXT DAY SAW A TRUCK, CARRYING WHAT APPEARED
TO BE A CRUMBLING PILE OF GARBAGE, ROLL UP TO
THE DOORS OF THE FIRST CAJUN NATIONAL BANK!



THEN...LIKE A HUGE AMOEBA, THIS 'HEAP'
SLATHERED INTO THE TELLER'S CAGE AND
SCOOPED UP THE CASH!... PHEW!

ITS WORK WAS DONE! IT POURED OUT
THE ENTRANCE, UNMINDFUL OF THE
HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE GUARDS!

LEAVING A TRAIL OF ORANGE PEELS AND
DEAD CATS, IT GOT BACK IN THE TRUCK
AND WAS GONE! **HEAP HAD STRUCK!**



BACK IN THE STEAMING MESSY OL' OKEEFENOEKEE SWAMP, THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS SOON ROLLING IN DOUGH! HIS 'HEAP' WAS FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WELL!



IT WAS EASY TO KEEP 'HEAP' HAPPY! AN OLD DECAYED FISH ...COLD, WET COFFEE GROUNDS... A BIT OF DRIPPING NEWS- PAPER THAT WAS USED TO LINE THE GARBAGE PAIL ...



THEN...A CHANGE CAME OVER 'HEAP'! ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND HIM COMBING HIS SLIME IN THE MIRROR!



AND THEN, ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND 'HEAP' SPRINKLING HIMSELF WITH AFTER-SHAVE LOTION AND FLIT!



AND THEN ONE DAY, THE HEAP CAME BACK FROM TOWN DRESSED IN A ZOOT-SUIT WITH A BELT IN THE BACK!



ALL THIS COULD ONLY HAVE ONE AWFUL MONSTROUS, HORRIBLE CONCLUSION... 'HEAP' WAS IN LOVE! THAT EVENING, THE 'PROFESSOR' FOLLOWED 'HEAP' WHO LOOKED HEP!



IN BACK OF THE PROFESSOR'S SHACK LAY A PIECE OF THE PROFESSOR'S GARBAGE, ACCUMULATED THROUGH THE YEARS! BY GEORGE...THIS WAS A FEMALE GARBAGE HEAP!



THE PROFESSOR KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE! WHEN 'HEAP' CAME TO LOOK AT HIS BELOVED GARBAGE PILE THE NEXT EVENING... IT WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND!



AN ODD CRY LIKE A STEPPED-ON CAT CAME FROM THE TIN CANNED DEPTHS OF 'HEAP,' AND IN A MAD LOVER'S FRENZY KICKED AWAY THE SINGLE BROOMSTICK...



...THAT SUPPORTED THE SHACK, BRINGING THE LABORATORY TUMBLING DOWN ON THE WICKED PROFESSOR!

THEN IT RAN AMUCK IN THE VILLAGE... FREEING GARBAGE FROM ITS CANS, UNMINDFUL OF POLICEMAN'S BULLETS!

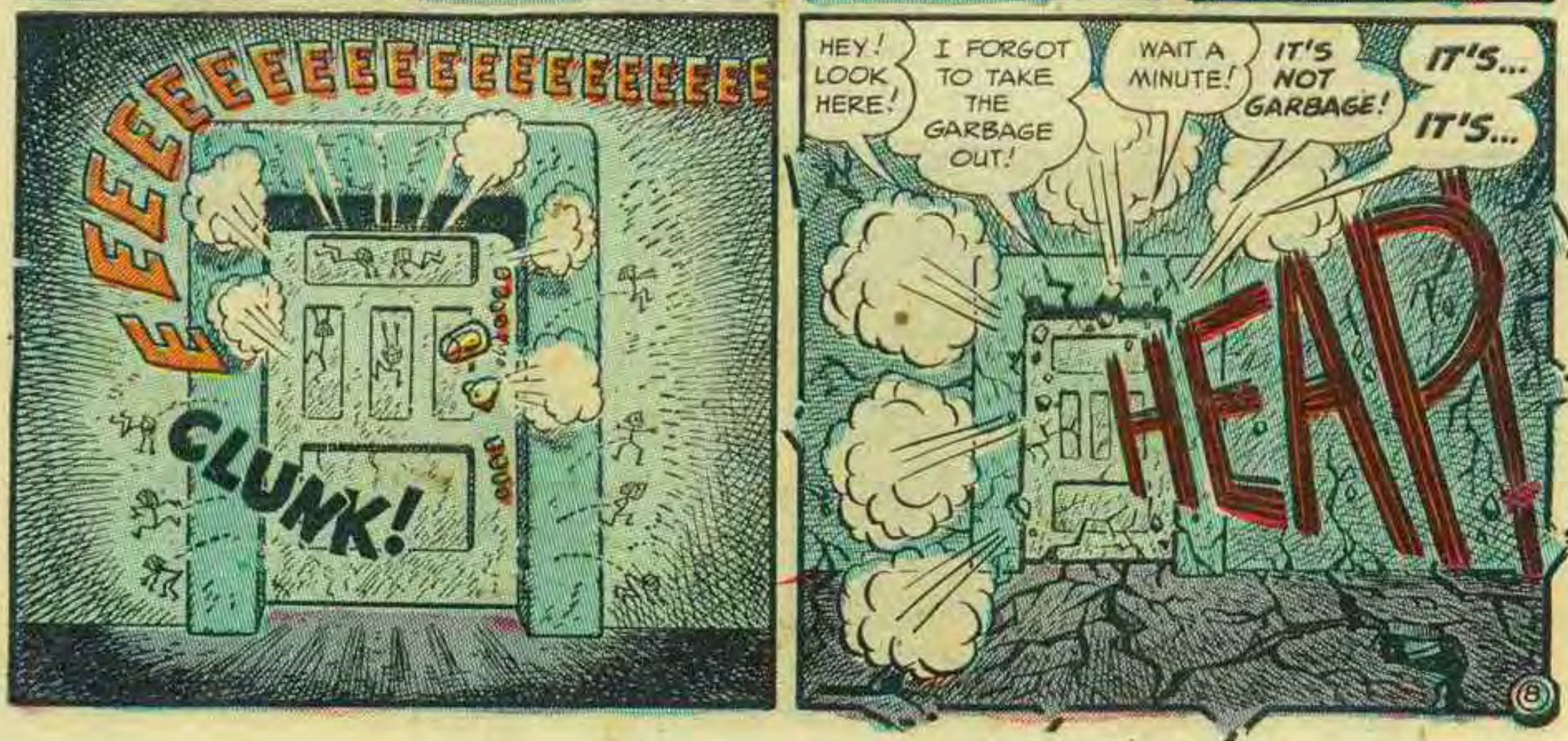
...FINALLY, PURSUED BY A DRAGNET OF GARBAGE CLEANERS, 'HEAP' DISAPPEARED BACK INTO THE SWAMP...



...NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!...SOME SAY WHEN THE MOON IS FULL YOU CAN SEE IT WANDERING OVER THE CITY DUMP, SEARCHING FOR A CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE!

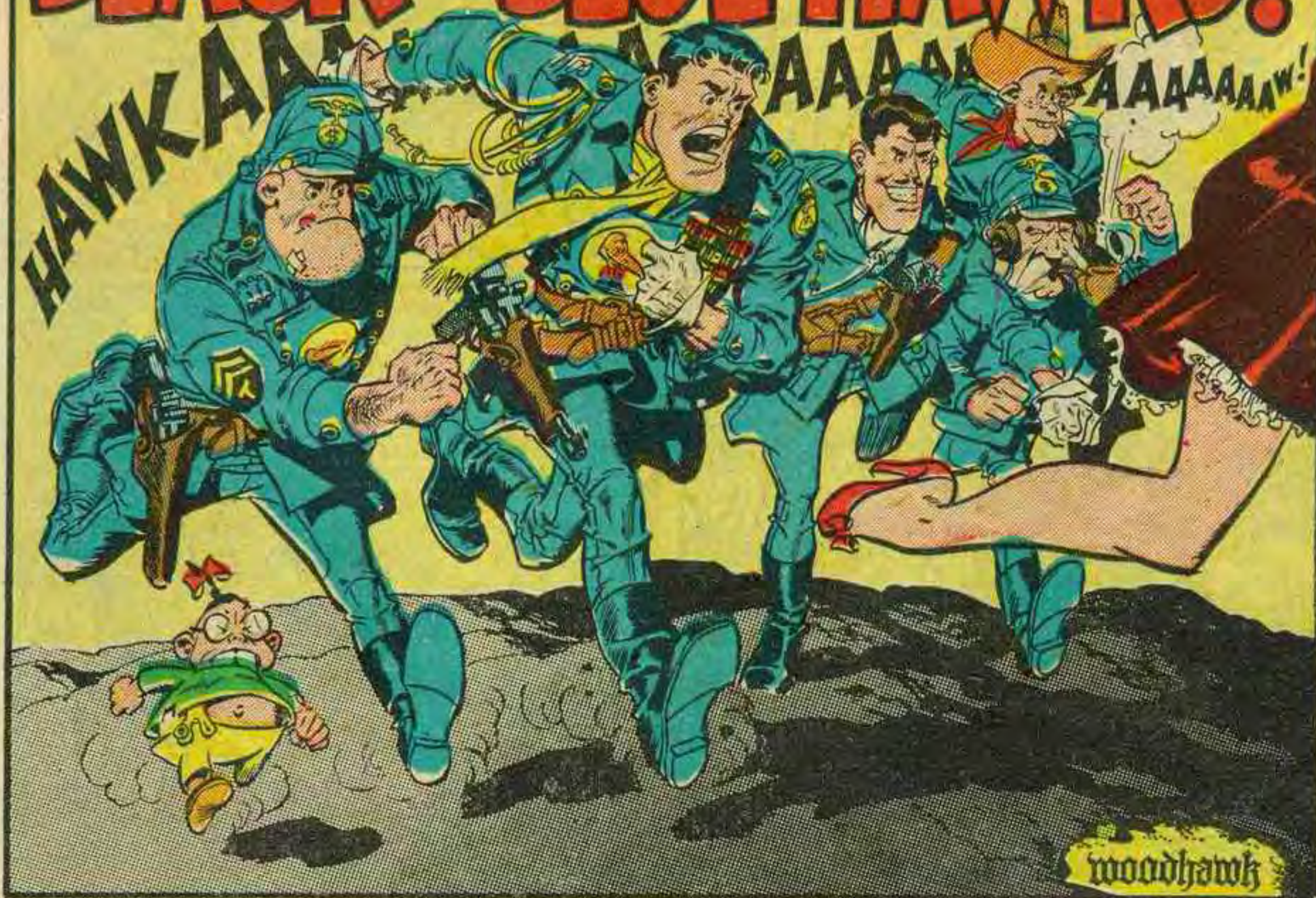
SOME SAY IT FOUND THAT CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE... AND WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, YOU CAN SEE THEM BEING FOLLOWED BY TINY LITTLE GARBAGE PILES!





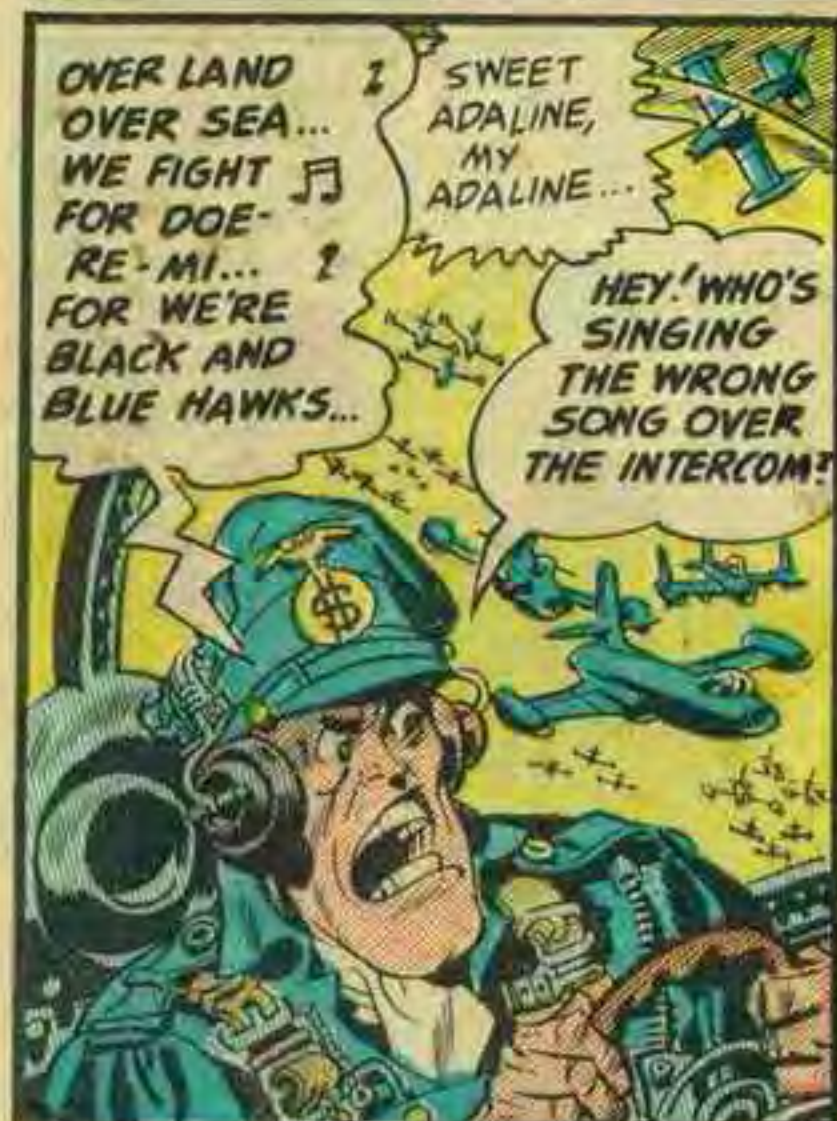
HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: 'SADDLESORE'...SIX FOOT LANKY TEXAN, 'SAURBRATTEN'...WALRUS-MUSTACHED DUTCHMAN, 'ROBESPIERRE'...SUAVE PARISIEN FROM LA BELLE FRANCE, 'BOSS HAWK', LEADER OF THE GANG, 'YOHNNY YOHNNSON', FIGHTING SWEDE, AND 'CHOP CHOP CHOP'...CAMP FOLLOWER! ALL MEN OF PEP, YIM AND VIGOR, SNAP CRACKLE AND POP... ALL...

BLACK and BLUE HAWKS!



YES, DEAR READER, THESE ARE THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS... **FLYING, FLYING, DYING** FOR THE FUN OF IT! OH, I'M TELLING YOU... WHAT FUN! COME, THEN! **COME**...TO A TINY ISLAND FAR OUT IN THE OCEAN! LATITUDE... **ADVENTURE**, LONGITUDE... **DANGER!** FOR THIS IS THE HOME OF... THE **ROOST** OF... THE **COOP** OF... **THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS!**







WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT WOMAN!
OF COURSE BEING A BLACK AND
BLUE HAWK... ONE MUST BE A
PERFECT GENTLEMAN AT ALL TIMES,
ESPECIALLY WITH A WOMAN!

BUT THIS TIME IS DIFFER-
ENT! STAND BACK WHILE
I BLAST 'ER!



I SAY, CHOP
CHOP CHOP!
DIDN'T WE EVER
GET AROUND TO
GIVING YOU A
BLACK AND BLUE
HAWK AIRPLANE
JET, M-1, YET?



OKAY!
STAND BACK
NOW! THIS
GUN IS
READY...
AIM...
FIRE!



GOOD OL' GREAT OL' CHOP CHOP
CHOP! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A
FOUR DAY PASS! REMIND ME TO
HAVE A NEWER TYPE MACHINE-
GUN PUT ON YOUR PLANE!



WE'RE LOST OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
OCEAN! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT
WHERE THAT REVOLUTION WILL BE!
CAREFUL, YOU DUMKOFF! YOU'RE
GETTING MY BOOTS WET!



HAH!
A LIFE
PRESERVER
AHEAD!

SMIFF! THIS LIFE PRESERVER IS ONLY BIG ENOUGH
FOR ONE OF US! SNIFF, SNIFF!... A BLACK AND
BLUE HAWK IS TRAINED TO BE UNSELFISH... SNIFF...
TO GO WITHOUT... SNIFF... IN ORDER THAT OTHERS
MAY HAVE... SNIFF SNIFF... THAT IT IS BETTER TO
GIVE THAN RECEIVE... SNARF...

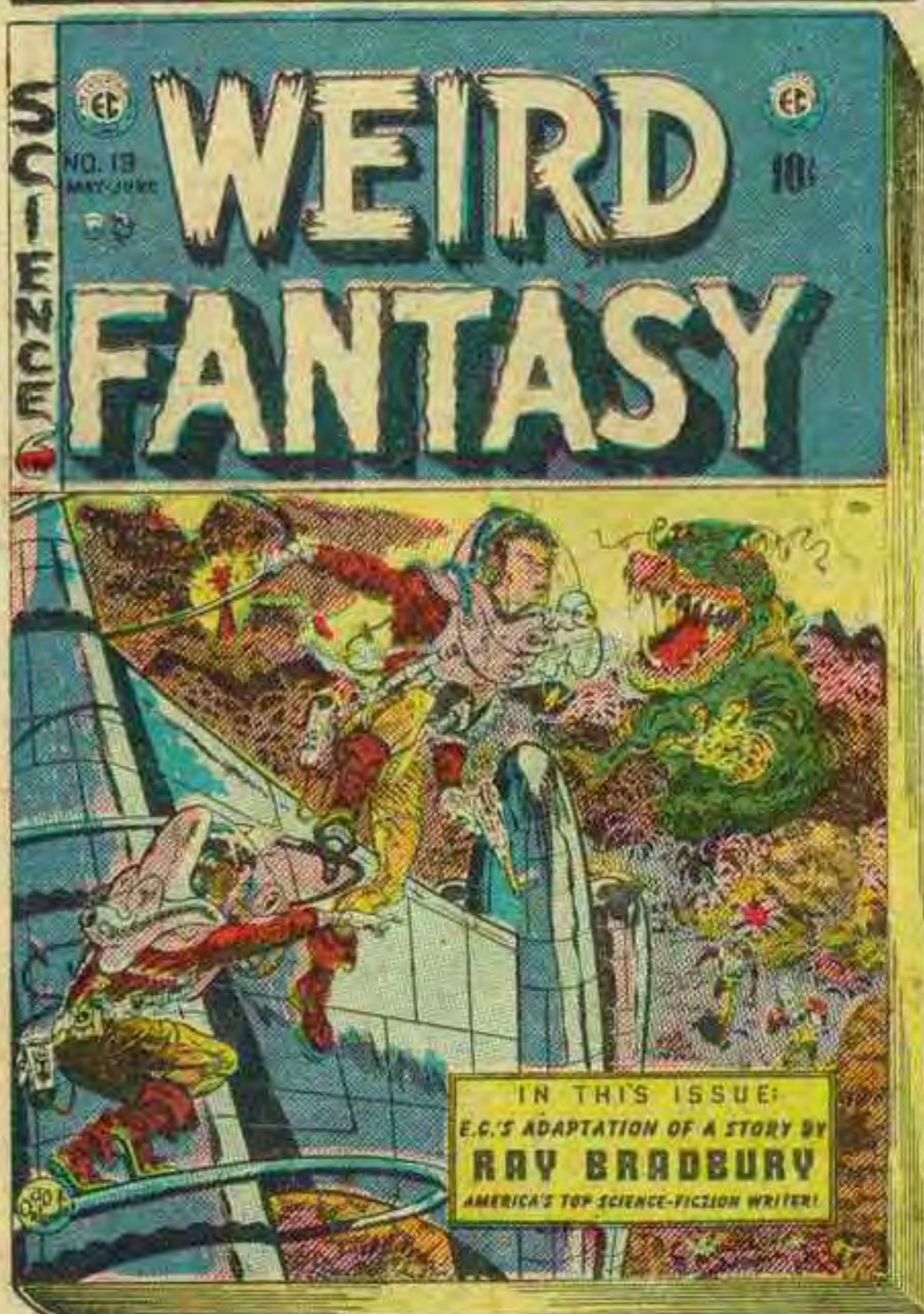


SO I'M GIVING YOU THE
WORKS, CHOP OLD MAN! AFTER
ALL... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR
ME... LATELY?





**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**LOOK FOR
THESE SEALS
WHEN YOU BUY!**

**THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP
ENTERTAINMENT...FOUND ONLY ON
THE FOLLOWING E.C. MAGAZINES:**

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MAD
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY
AND THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR



Examination days are occasions inseparably associated with quiet, solemn classrooms, worried and haunted classmates, and alternate hope and despair. Here is a scientific analysis of what happens to the average college student on an exam day!

11:30 p.m. to 6:31 a.m.:

Grotesque dream of the entire faculty, becomingly clad in purple tuxedos, busily engaged in tearing up a diploma.

A.M.:

6:32—Awoke from troubled sleep, feeling like nothing at all.

6:33—Wished to be in Tahiti.

6:34—Wished to be back in the third grade.

6:37—Washed savagely. Soap in eye. No towels.

6:42—Button on collar refuses to function. Ripped it off in desperation and pulled up tie until it threatened strangulation.

7:00—Greeted family with inarticulate grunt. Bore their efforts at encouragement with grimaces.

7:05—Hearty breakfast of one piece of toast and one cup of coffee.

7:20—Departed, slamming door.

7:25—Sneered at traffic cop.

7:39—Boarded train in a half-hope for an open switch and a sort of miraculous wreck that would ruin the train without injuring anybody.

7:45—Made conductor wait for ticket.

7:48—Tried to think of what Archimedes did and why he did it.

7:51—Opened Physics book.

7:52—Closed Physics book.
 8:10—Left train regretfully.
 8:15—Hailed classmate and walked together in gloomy silence.
 8:30—Arrived in silent, oh so silent, students' lounge.
 8:35—Smoked.
 8:40—Looked at watch.
 8:41—Asked friend the time.
 8:42—Wondered what time it was.
 8:45—Stared at stricken figures of classmates.
 8:47—Had serious talk with self. Decided that there was nothing to fear.
 8:48—Began to tremble.
 8:50—Resolved to do a lot of studying *next* term.
 8:52—Straightened tie as first bell rang.
 8:55—Arrived in classroom. Managed sickly smile and faint greeting for the proctor.
 9:00—Looked over exam. Feeling in stomach became acute.
 9:01—Wondered if that pain might be appendicitis.
 9:05—Coughed.
 9:07—Began examination.
 9:45—Looked out window. Envied child in baby carriage.
 10:20—Made desperate search of mind for that formula needed for problem.
 10:30—Felt inspired. Wrote something.
 11:05—Handed in exam paper with a silent prayer.
 11:10—Dashed hysterically for the train.
 11:33—Boarded train.
 11:45—Thought of correct formula for that problem.
 11:50—Inspected fingernails.

P.M.:

12:20—Arrived home.
 12:22—Answered all queries with, "I'll know when the marks come out!"
 12:23—Coughed.



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MAD MUMBLINGS



We've said it in our advertisements! We've said it on our covers! MAD IS CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD! We, the editors of MAD do not make false statements! We said we'd drive you mad . . . AND WE MEANT IT! Now . . . here is proof . . . proof positive that MAD is driving our readers quite insane! Here is a sampling of letters from some of our MAD readers! Read them and see what MAD did for THEM! SEE WHAT MAD CAN DO FOR YOU!

Dear Editors,

I rushed to buy a copy of MAD and showed it to all of my friends. They both died laughing. Here is the coroner's report: "... as a direct result of asphyxiation, and due to hilarious and sustained laughter."—David S. Hawley—Albuquerque, New Mexico

... I keep my MAD Classics on the same shelf with my Harvard Classics.—John R. Williams—Groton, Conn.

... When my brother was reading your latest edition of MAD, he laughed so hard I thought he'd bust a gut. He did! Am enclosing bill for one busted gut!—Tim Rice—Wash., D. C. (Hey . . . you mean EEE-see, don't ya Tim?—editors)

... I love MAD. Don't pay any attention to those uncouth persons who are criticizing you.—Ernest Gardner—Newark, N. J.

... Melvyn has the qualities of making a good president. Long Live Melvyn! Long Live Mad.—The Mad Cadets of Greenbrier Military School—Lewisburg, W. Va.

... Next to MAD, we all love Marilyn Monroe. Can you work HER into a take-off? Bring back Melvyn of the Apes.—Bob Olson—Culver Military Academy (no address given) (Don't know about a take-off, Bob, but we'd gladly EXCHANGE Mad for Marilyn!—ed.)

... Mad is real cool. It's real frampton, George, and that sort of tommyrot.—Daniel J. Saffer—North Wales, Pa.

... I like your MAD so much that I'm playing ping-pong with my head.—Bubba Bailey—Wichita Falls, Texas (That's O.K. if your head is rubba, Bubba!—ed.)

... I am an airplane stewardess. I found the first issue of Mad flung on a seat of one of our planes. The entire crew have been loyal readers since.—Bev Evans—Northern Pacific Airlines, Anchorage, Alaska

... I have just finished reading your latest copy of MAD and the little men in the white jackets are here.—Elaine North—Minneapolis, Minn.

... (!)—Stan Shapiro—Chicago, Ill. (??—ed.)

... I saw the word "pizza Pie" in your "Dragged

Net" story, and I'm sorry to say that in Italian, the word "pizza" means "pie." So what you really were saying was, "pie pie"! John Anastasio—New Haven, Conn. P.S. What in the world is "borscht"?

"Borscht" is a soup! Quite often, pizza pie is DUNKED in borscht. This is nothing as delicious as borscht-sopped pizza pie, with an Irish stew chaser!—ed.

... I don't know how I'd face life without MAD! It has everyone around here screaming. Please continue stories like "Dragged Net" and "Mole."—David Cassell—Erie, Pa

... I am the librarian for my ship, and I distribute the various magazines among the crew. All my shipmates have read the one copy of MAD we have on board. Although the cover of this mag is now off, and the pages are ragged, I am still retaining my original copy to show to my friends when I go home.—Ralph Cassol—U.S.S. Badoeng Strait CVE 116, Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

... I am manager of the Lake Theater in Lake Worth, Florida. "Dragged Net" had me in stitches, and I showed it to the ushers. I couldn't get any work out of them all night long!—Charles Cassini—Lake Worth, Fla.

Bet the neckers in the balcony had a good night, Charlie!—ed.

... What I like best in your issue was the "Sheik of Araby," which I believe might easily be a satire on "Beau Geste." Whoever rigged it up deserves a lot of credit. Your MAD is satirical, subtle, and sophisticated, and I am bewitched, bothered, and bewildered. It's actually a "high-brow" comic, but I hope the public takes to it!—Robert L. Drazen—Brooklyn, N. Y.

... After reading Mad, I got a little room all to myself. Funny thing . . . it's got pads? Don't give up the book . . . I've just begun to read!—Donald Cole—USAF, Albuquerque, N. M.

O.K., D.C. (D.C.? . . . NO . . . EEE SEE!) If'n ya promise not to buy till ya see the whites of our E.C. emblems!—ed.

AND NOT ONLY IS MAD CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD, IT'S ROUNDER, FIRMER, MORE FULLY PACKED . . . SO FREE AND EASY ON THE GUFFAW! Well, please keep writing, suggesting, criticizing, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders (75c for 6 issues . . . full year's supply!) is:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 5
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N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

TALES FROM THE NORTHWEST DEPT.: THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTIES HAVE HAD MANY A SHINING HERO... RENFREW OF THE MOUNTIES, KING OF THE MOUNTIES, SILVER EAGLE OF THE MOUNTIES... AND MANY MORE! BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO A STORY ON THE MOST FAMOUS OF THEM ALL! YES... YOU GUESSED IT...

MILTIE OF THE MOUNTIES!



OUR STORY STARTS IN A LOG CABIN OFFICE BUILDING IN THE UPPER MANITOBA SWAMPLANDS! SEATED BEHIND A LOG CABIN DESK, SITS SCOTT YARDLAND, CHIEF OF THE ROYAL MOUNTIES!











CRIME DEPT.: IN A DINGY TWO BY FOUR OFFICE ON THE MAIN STEM... AROUND A BULLET-SCARRED DESK, WELL-PACKED WITH REVOLVERS, SCOTCH, SODA, PRETZELS, ICE... BEING CHASED BY A BLONDE SECRETARY, ALSO WELL-PACKED... RUNNING WITH TRENCH COAT COLLAR UP, BELT PULLED TIGHT... RUNS...

KANE KEEN!

PRIVATE EYE



YEAH... THAT'S ME... KANE KEEN, PRIVATE EYE! DOES SOMEONE WANT TO MURDER YOU? DID YOU GET A PARKING TICKET? MY GUN IS FOR HIRE!



THAT'S ME... KANE KEEN! THE UNDERWORLD HATES ME! THE WOMEN FIND ME IRRESISTABLE! YOU SEE, I USE BURMA-SHAVE!



AT THE MOMENT I AM TRYING TO SHAKE MY SECRETARY WHO HAS BEEN TRAILING ME ALL DAY! ...HAH! A KNOCK ON THE DOOR!



SST! THE DOOR, SWEETHEART! OPEN IT NICE AND EASY LIKE... THEN GET OUT OF THE WAY! I MIGHT HAVE TO PLAY A SYMPHONY WITH A HOT LEAD TEMPO! THEY'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ME!... JUST CAN'T GET RID OF THEM **BILL COLLECTORS!**



THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN... AND **SHE** WALKED IN... A SYMPHONY IN CHANNEL #5, TABU AND BURMA-SHAVE! AND BY THE SLIGHT BULGE IN HER HAND-BAG, I WOULDN'T SAY SHE WAS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE!



GAD! ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL GIRL CLIENT! WHY CAN'T AN UGLY OLD MAN COME UP SOMETIMES? WHY ONLY BEAUTIFUL GIRLS?

LISTEN, KANE! MY NAME IS LASSIE ROVER! MY UNCLE IS ROLLOVER ROVER! YOU'VE GOT TO HANDLE MY CASE! MONEY IS NO OBJECT!



YOU MEAN YOUR UNCLE IS ROLLOVER ROVER, THE RETIRED VAUDEVILLE ACTOR WHO HAD THE FAMOUS DOG ACT?

YES! EVER SINCE HE CAME OVER FROM DOVER ON THE GOOD SHIP PLOVER WHERE HE WAS PLANTING CLOVER, HIS LIFE HAS BEEN IN GREAT DANGER!



HELLO! KANE KEEN DETECTIVE AGENCY! ALSO NOTARY PUBLIC AND INCOME TAX RETURNS FILLED OUT!

HELLO KEEN?



LISTEN! MY NAME IS ROLLOVER ROVER! I'M GOING TO BE KILLED! MY MURDERER IS... IS... GET AWAY FROM THAT PHONE...



DROP THAT PHONE! ...IS... IS... IS... IS... IS...



SEE? IT HAPPENS EVERY TIME! JUST AS THEY'RE ABOUT TO TELL YOU WHO THE MURDERER IS... THEY GET KILLT!





QUICK! TO YOUR UNCLE'S HOUSE! SOMEHOW I HAVE A HUNCH SOMETHING'S WRONG! YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU CAN JUST SENSE HUNCHES! IT MAY JUST BE A WILD GUESS...

FILL ME IN ON THE WAY ON THE REST OF WHICH I SHALL CALL... THE **CANINE CAPER!**



YOU SEE, UNCLE MADE LOTS OF MONEY WITH A TALKING DOG ACT! NOW HE AND HIS TALKING DOG, **SHLEP**, ARE RETIRED! I HEAR HE'S MADE OUT HIS WHOLE WILL TO **SHLEP!**

AHA! I CAUGHT YOU OPENING THE DOOR! TRYING TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM, EH?

I'M SUPPOSED TO OPEN THE DOOR! I'M THE BUTLER!

WELL... JUST DON'T GO AWAY!



EKK! IT'S MY UNCLE ROLL-OVER! KANE! IS HE... IS HE... DEAD?

... WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE CORONER'S REPORT!... HA! HERE'S A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CHARACTER!

IT IS MY DUTY TO WARN YOU, SIR, ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU! ...JUST DON'T GO AWAY!



AND I'M HOLDING YOU AS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, SO... JUST DON'T GO 'WAY!

KANE! KANE KEEN!

KEEN KANE KEEN!

LOOK! SHLEP'S DOG HOUSE! IT HASN'T BEEN SHLEPT IN! SHLEP HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED!



AHA! AND SHLEP WAS THE ONE THE MONEY WAS WILLED TO! LIKE A JIGSAW PUZZLE, THE FINE STRANDS ARE COMING TOGETHER!... LIKE A WEB... THE PIECES ARE FITTING INTO PLACE!

HERE SHLEP BOY!

WHERE ARE YA, SHLEP?

OOPS!



HELLO, SHAMUS!

I JUST WANT TO GIVE YOU A WORD OF WARNING!

SHLEP!

SHLEP, OL' BWAH!

COME-A HYAR, SHLEP!



I'M WARNING YOU TO KEEP OFF OF THIS CASE!

CLONG

HOOP

A SYMPHONY OF A THOUSAND RIVETING MACHINES RIVETED ON A RIVET THAT WAS MY HEAD! WHEN I OPENED MY EYES... **SHE** STOOD THERE, SPRINKLING WATER ON MY BROW...



OH KANE! I AM ROLLOVER'S WIFE! WHEN I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED, I RAN RIGHT OVER!... YOU SEE... I'M JUST **DYING** TO MEET YOU!

ROLLOVER'S WIFE, EH!... SOMEHOW I HAVE A HUNCH THAT YOU DIDN'T LOVE YOUR HUSBAND! IT MAY BE A WILD GUESS...



OOH... **HAHAHA!** DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, KANE! **WHATEVER** GAVE YOU THE SILLY NOTION THAT I DIDN'T LOVE MY HUSBAND?

(PUFF, PUFF) JUST A HUNCH! (PUFF) SOMETIMES YOU FOLLOW A HUNCH (PUFF, PUFF) AND IT BLOWS UP IN YOUR FACE!



NOW TO USE SOME COLD AND CALCULATING REASONING TO DEDUCT WHAT DIRECTION I SHALL TAKE NEXT!

ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE! STAY WHERE YOU ARE! OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!



I HEARD THERE WAS A MURDER HERE AND I RUSHED RIGHT OVER!

I RUSHED BECAUSE I WANTED TO BEAT THAT PRIVATE EYE NAMED KANE KEEN! HE ALWAYS GETS TO THE MURDER BEFORE I DO, BUT THIS TIME... THIS TIME...



KANE KEEN, PRIVATE EYE! YOU DID IT AGAIN! YOU BEAT ME TO THE MURDER!

STUPID FOOL! SHVIENHUNT, POLICEMAN! GET OUT OF MY WAY!



WAAH! EVERY TIME THERE'S A MURDER... HE COMES FIRST! ...EVERY TIME!

DUMKOPF! AND KEEP OUTTA MY WAY OR I'LL CALL A COP!



I STROLLED THROUGH THE ROVER MANSION LOOKING FOR THE MURDER WEAPON! SUDDENLY ALL CONCENTRATION WAS BLASTED BY A SYMPHONY OF LIPSTICK, HIGH HEELS AND A PAIL OF SLOP!



IT WAS THE UPSTAIRS MAID DOWNSTAIRS CLEANING... CLEANING A COLT 45! I BACKED AWAY... THEN RAN... NOT FROM THIS BEAUTY! I RAN BECAUSE I HAD UNWITTINGLY BACKED INTO THE MURDER WEAPON!



OOPS! YOU AGAIN!

HEY, SHLEP!

HEY, BWAH!

SHLEPPY!

SHAMUS! ARE YOU STILL ON THIS CASE!



I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE SECOND TIME... KEEP OFF OF THIS CASE!

WHO CASE? WHAT CASE? WHERE...



A THOUSAND HAMMERS PLAYED A SYMPHONY BY SPIKE JONES IN MY BRAIN! I BREATHED A PRAYER THAT NONE OF THE CRACKS IN MY HEAD, FROM PREVIOUS CAPERS, HAD OPENED!



HAH! KANE KEEN! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU YOU'RE NOT SO SMART! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU I FOUND OUT WHAT THE MURDER WEAPON WAS BEFORE YOU FOUND OUT! BY TEDIOUS DEDUCTION I KNOW IT WAS CAUSED BY A LONG THIN SWORD...

YOU MEAN AN ÉPÉE... A DUELING SWORD LIKE... THIS?





WAAAH! EVERY TIME! EVERY TIME HE FINDS OUT BEFORE I FIND OUT!... I'LL KILL MYSELF! I'LL RUN AWAY!

GAD... HOW THESE POLICEMEN DO GET IN THE WAY OF THE LAW!



BUT I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THIS NONSENSE! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING HIT ON THE HEAD BY THIS CHARACTER! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING KICKED AROUND BY TWO-BIT GUNZELS! HE'S A SLIPPERY ONE, NO DOUBT!



HE'S PROBABLY HIDING OUT RIGHT NOW... WAITING TILL THE HEAT'S OVER! BUT I'LL GET 'IM! I'LL TRACK 'IM DOWN! US CANADIAN MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET OUR MAN! ALWAYS! AND WHEN I DO, BOY...



...WHEN I SHLEP! DO...

SHLEP, BOY! WHERE DAT OL' SHLEP?



HA! SNAP ON THE HANDCUFFS BOYS! WE GOT 'IM WHERE WE WANT 'IM! TYPE UP A CONFESSION! HE'LL SIGN IT! HE'S THE MURDERER! HE WANTED ME TO GET OFF THE ROVER CASE!



CONFESSION? MURDER? I'M ROLLOVER ROVER'S LAWYER! I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET OFF OF THE ROVER CASE! I WANT YOU TO GET OFF MY BRIEF-CASE! YOU KEEP STEPPING ON IT!



ONCE AND FOR ALL... GET OFF OF THE CASE!

CLOCK



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ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
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can be
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I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S ?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

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ARMED **SISSY** WAS ME
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CHANCE
TO GET FOR
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